



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07496321 0



Toronto
July 1911







Matthew
6/6/13

THE VAGABONDS

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. O. C. DARLEY

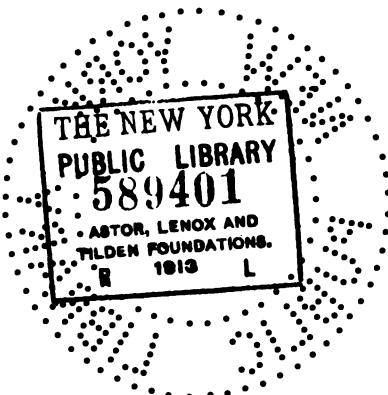


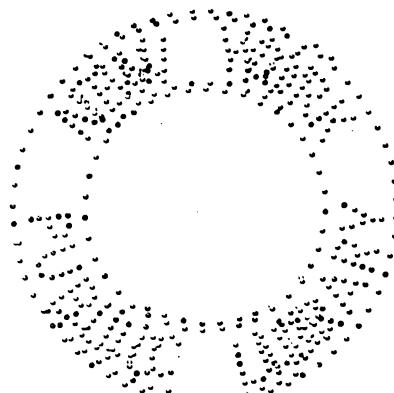
BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK
C. T. DILLINGHAM

1880

SG-

St. Agnes Free Library
Reading Room, Ave.
AMSTERDAM
Cir. 85th Street





THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!

Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!

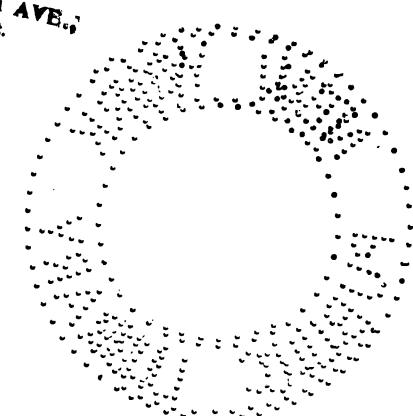
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,

And eat and drank — and starved — together.

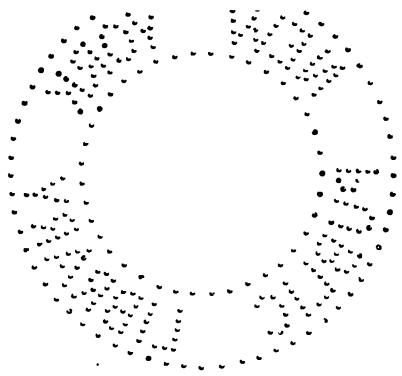
Engles Free Library
Reading Room,
529 AMSTERDAM AVE.,
Cor. 45th Street.



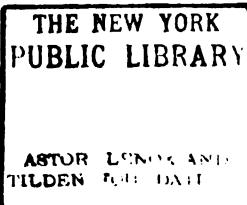
Times Free Library,
Reading Room,
120 4th Street, N.Y.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there's been frozen)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir,— I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Are n't we, Roger? — See him wink! —
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head ?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk ?
He understands every word that's said, —
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

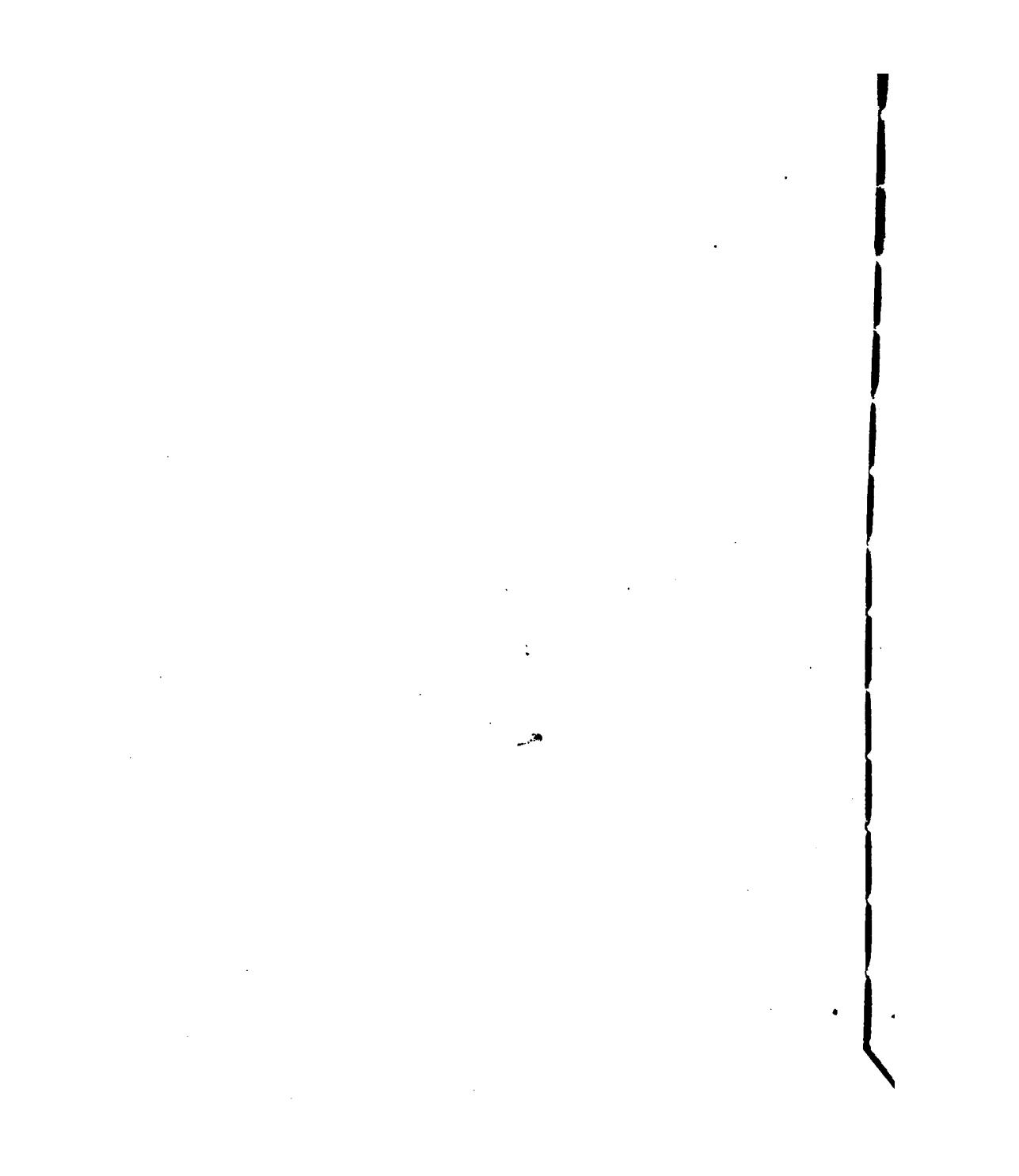






The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I 've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I 've not lost the respect
(Here 's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He 'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

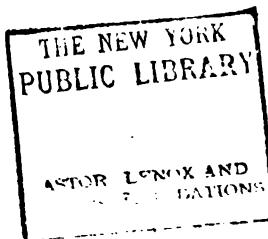
There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master !
No, Sir ! — see him wag his tail and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water !
That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter !





We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, Sir,)
Shall march a little — Start, you villain !
Paws up ! Eyes front ! Salute your officer !
'Bout face ! Attention ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

*St. Agnes Free Library
and
Reading Room,
820 AMSTERDAM AVE.,
Cor. 85th Street.*



March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, — that 's five ; he 's mighty knowing !
The night 's before us, fill the glasses ! —
Quick, Sir ! I 'm ill, — my brain is going ! —
Some brandy, — thank you, — there ! — it passes !

Why not reform ? That 's easily said ;
But I 've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach 's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I 'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

... **Axles Free Library**
Reading Room,
520 AMSTERDAM AVE.
Cor. 115th Street.



ASTOR, LENOX AND
WILDER FOUNDATION

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,— but I took to drink;—

The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—

You need n't laugh, Sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :

I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you would n't have guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog !

St. Agnes Free Library
Reading Room,
520 AMSTERDAM AVENUE
Cor. 85th Street.



PRINTED
BY THE
PUBLISHER

FOR THE
PENCK AND
CO. CORPORATION

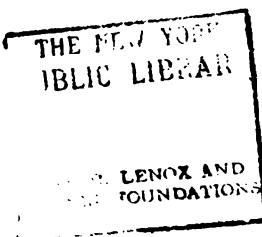
She 's married since,—a parson's wife:
'T was better for her that we should part, —
Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road: a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You 've set me talking, Sir; I 'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change;
What do you care for a beggar's story?
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'T was well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

St. Agnes Free Library
Reading Room,
520 AMSTERDAM AV^E,
Cor. 85th Street.



*St. Agnes Free Library
Reading Room,
20 AMSTERDAM AVE.
Cor. 46th Street*

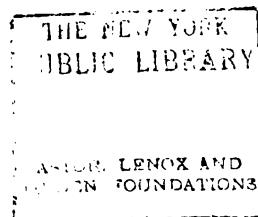


Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.



I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?

St. Annes Free Library
Reading Room,
529 AMSTERDAM AVE.
Cor. 86th Street

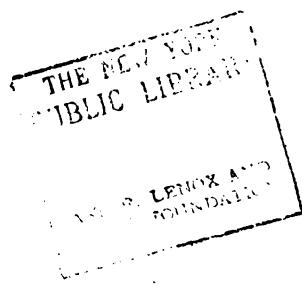


He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I 'm better now; that glass was warming.—
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

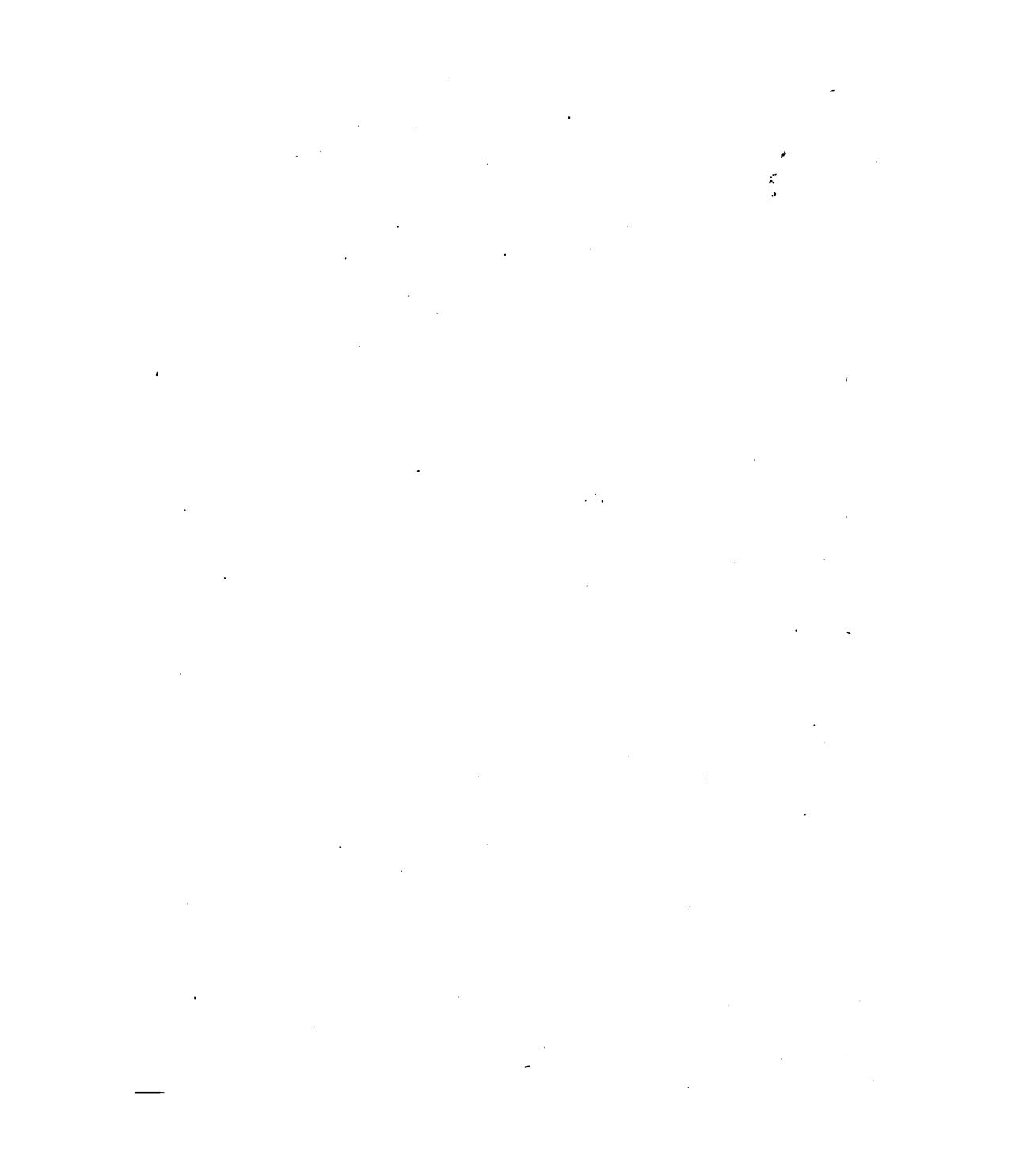
St. Agnes Free Library
Reading Room, Y.W.C.A.
520 AMSTERDAM AVE.
JEROME KELLY





WPA







**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**



